THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Printed by *Woodruff & Pechin*, N°. 224, Market-ſtreet, near Seventh-ſtreet.

Vol. 1. *Saturday, November* 28, 1795. No. 43.

SOPHY LEFEVRE:
OR, THE POOR BLIND GIRL.

"PITY a poor blind girl!" expreſſed in one of thoſe tones of pathetic appeal, to which the miſer, muttering a grudge as he throws it, diſburſes his hoarded farthing, were the words which arreſted the haſty courſe of the young Harry Noble, towards the compting-houſe of his father, a merchant of family, in whom the authority of the parent was blended with the confidence of a friend; for he had the higheſt ſenſe of his ſon's merit, and that ſon, his only child, amply juſtified the opinion entertained of him.

The feelings of our youth, ſuſceptible of the moſt refined impreſſions of humanity, were ſo poignantly affected by the abrupt addreſs, that he ſtood for ſome minutes in mute contemplation of the object who uttered it. She was ſitting on the ſtep of a ſhop door: and though in rags and barefooted, preſented a figure uncommonly intereſting. Her proportions ſeemed perfectly delicate: her long auburn hair, ſpreading over her ſhoulders, helped in ſome meaſure to veil that boſom, which a ſmall ſlip of dirty cotton but ill concealed; her eyes were cloſed as if in gentle ſleep; and though her cheeks were pallid through want, her features were of that kind which immediately engage concern.

While he ſurveyed her, ſhe was unfeelingly reprehended for ſitting on her hard ſeat, by a coxcomb *reſplendent* in ſhoes, in Morocco ſlippers, who *perceived nobody couldn't paſs* for her. "Empty fool! he could not have heard her appeal," cried Harry to himſelf; and, darting a look of warmeſt indignation at the fop, followed the meek petitioner; who having begged pardon in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner for her crime, went a few paces farther; and, leaning her back againſt a water-trunk, exclaimed, with a deep ſigh—"God help me!"

"God help thee, indeed!" cried Harry, putting a few ſhillings into her hand: it was all he could find about him. Elevated at her good fortune—"Whoever you are, (ſhe cried) God in heaven"—her voice faltered a moment—"bleſ——." She burſt into tears. It was too much for Harry; he caught her hand, in the impulſe of ſublime benevolence—"Come with me, my poor, good girl!" And inſenſible to the ridicule of thoſe who obſerved the ſcene, led the unreſiſting mourner into a court in the adjoining ſtreet, where the family nurſe lived; and, entreating the good woman to provide her ſome of her daughter's cloaths, ſaid he would call again in two hours; and then proceeded on his buſineſs.

His wiſhes were commands with all who knew him; and, on his return, he beheld, with pleaſure, the object of his compaſſion, the picture of a Sleeping Grace, attired by the hand of homely neatneſs. The manner and language in which ſhe expreſſed her gratitude, evinced an education and capacity of the ſuperior kind, and excited a curioſity in Henry relative to the events of her life; which, being delicately imparted to her, ſhe chearfully conſented to gratify.

"The circumſtances I am going to relate," ſaid ſhe, "may appear a little ſtrange; they are nevertheleſs true. I am but ſeventeen: my father, a Weſt-India planter, I barely remember; he died rich, and left me 5000l. under the joint guardianſhip of my mother, and a gentleman named Gray, who had long been intimately connected with the family.

"I felt not the loſs of a father: my mother doated on me, and ſpared neither pains nor expence in my education: inſtructing me herſelf in all the ſublime duties of Chriſtianity, and continually enforcing her precepts by practice.

"Her exertions for my improvement were always warmly ſeconded by Mr. Gray; who by his particular attention to us both, gained ſo far on the affections of my mother, that, at the age of thirteen I ceaſed to be fatherleſs. My dear mother ſurvived her marriage but three months. You may naturally ſuppoſe, I ſuffered enough from ſuch a misfortune; but time, youth, and the remarkable kindneſs of my father-in-law, reconciled me to myſelf; and, for nearly two years longer, I lived without a wiſh to form any other connexions. Here my miſeries began. My father by his extravagant way of living, and an unfortunate attachment to gaming, had ſo far involved his own fortune, that, to repair it, he embarked mine in a ſpeculative adventure, with a ſet of deſigning men, who held out a proſpect of advantage too alluring to withſtand. You may eaſily imagine how it turned out: he was completely duped; and in the frenzy of deſpair ſhot himſelf." I was on a viſit at his couſin's, when the information was brought me; and, after I had recovered the ſhock ſuch intelligence gave me, was informed that, in future, I was to look up to that couſin for protection. This was readily promiſed me; but I found the family ſtrangely altered. I was poor and no longer entitled to reſpect. I had made a conſiderable progreſs in every branch of learning I had entered on; ſufficient, indeed, to teach others tolerably well; and Mr. Ironſide made me a companion to his three daughters, who were all nearly my own age, with ſtrict injunctions to give them all the information I could. But my pupils, thinking me no better than a ſervant, paid little attention to my inſtructions; and their parents continually threw out hints about poverty, dependence, fine education without fortunes, and many others of the ſame kind, which may be eaſily conceived: the ſervants were encouraged to treat me with contempt; the leaſt familiarity in me was accounted inſolence; and the occaſional fits of melancholy ſuch treatment produced, drew upon me the imputation of being ſulky and ungrateful.

"In this ſituation, ſcarcely a day paſſing without new mortifications, I continued a year; when I received an inſult from Mr. Ironſide, which terminated my dependence. He had often taken liberties with me I could ſcarcely brook, but that my neceſſity obliged me to ſubmit with patience: and one night, when his wife and daughters were on a viſit, he entered my chamber, where I was reading; and, without ceremony, told me he had long loved me; as a proof, he had kept me a year, when but for him I muſt have ſtarved; told me, I ſhould never want while I was a good girl; and concluded in terms I bluſh to think of! and added, he hoped I would not be ungrateful. Fortunately he had not faſtened the door; for he was proceeding to rudeneſs. Breaking from him, I flew down ſtairs; and, by running into the ſtreet, I eſcaped him. I ſtood for a moment conſidering what to do; and, at laſt, determined to go to the family laundreſs that night, who had always profeſſed great fondneſs for me. I told her my ſituation frankly, and aſked her what I ſhould do; for I was reſolved never to go back to that hated houſe. The idea of want her friendſhip was not proof againſt: ſhe talked a great deal of imprudence in young women, to which I liſtened in tears; and reflecting in the uſual manner of ignorant people on *poor gentry*, ſaid, ſhe did want a girl to look after her three children, and if I liked to ſtay for my *victles*, till I could better myſelf, *I must*. What to do I knew not. I was too inexperienced, and too young, to go out into the world. I accepted her offer; and for ſix months led a life to which the one I had left was pleaſure. My time—for I eat not the bread of idleneſs—was unremittingly divided between lugging about three heavy children; ſtanding at the waſh-tub; carrying large loads of linen to families who employed her; and running half a dozen times a day to the pawnbrokers.

"My conſtitution now began to ſink under ſuch fatigue, and I fell into a violent fever, out of which I recovered in about a month; but, on a renewal of my ſlavery, ſymptoms of a relapſe appearing, my miſtreſs, declaring ſhe could not afford to keep ſick people, deſired me to look out for a lodging for myſelf, till I got better. I had three guineas in my pocket when I left Mr. Ironſide's; and had ſecretly preſerved them hitherto againſt any emergency which might happen. Accordingly, I took a little room at a chandler's ſhop, and in two months perfectly recovered my ſtrength; but my money and cloaths were entirely gone, and I had a ſettled weakneſs in my eyes which remained from my firſt fever. I now made ſeveral applications for places, but could get none; "I was too young"—"Looked too ſickly"—Was too meanly dreſſed:" and fifty exceptions of the ſame nature. I even applied again to my old miſtreſs the laundreſs; but, repeating her averſion to decayed gentry, ſhe refuſed me as well as the reſt. My eyes, by continually walking about with bad ſhoes, grew daily worſe. I had lived five weeks upon credit with my landlady, and ſhe was continually dunning me for her money; and, at laſt, went ſo far as to recommend me to proſtitution; which piece of inſolence occaſioned me to anſwer her much more ſharply than prudence would have dictated; in a rage, ſhe puſhed me out into the ſtreet, at eleven o'clock at night, in a violent ſhower of rain, and ſwore I ſhould never enter her doors again.

I crawled up a court; but, being found by the watchman, was dragged to the watch-houſe as a diſorderly perſon; put into the black hole; and next morning, on being taken before the magiſtrate,

was ſent, becauſe I had no money with half a dozen ſtreet-walkers, to Bridewell.

"In this wretched place I ſtaid but a week my eyes now growing very dim; and, on being relieved I applied to the officers of ſeveral parithes for relief, but in vain. "I did not belong to them"—"Was an impoſtor," or—"Young enough to work," were ſtill the replies; and at laſt I determined to apply to Mr Ironſide, I knocked at the door, but was driven away; and ſtrolling into an adjoining field, ſat down in a damp hovel, and abandoned myſelf to all the agonies of deſpair.

"I thought my ſuffering unjuſt, and murmured againſt Providence; but I recollected not that, when in affluence, I had forgot my departed mother's favorite precept—"Let not proſperity deceive you." For the whirl of diſſipation I had lived in, after her death, made me loſe ſight of myſelf; and that, I now conceive, was the occaſion of my puniſhment.

[To be concluded in our next.]

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE.

"IN the year 1769, one Roſiter, a young Iriſhman, came to Leghorn in ſearch of adventures; with no other recommendation than the deportment of a gentleman added to a fine figure and countenance.

"Soon after his arrival, a lady, whoſe perſonal property was conſiderable, ſaw, and became violently enamoured of him; which was ſoon ſucceeded by a direct propoſal on her part (no uncommon thing in Italy) to live with her.

"As he had been previouſly informed of her circumſtances, and was pleaſed with her perſon, he immediately cloſed with the offer; and they, in conſequence, reſided together in all the warmth of love, and intimacy of marriage.

"Her paſſion for him had at firſt prompted her to diſregard the common law of modeſty; after cohabitation it grew to ſuch exceſs, as to trample on all prudence; for, not ſatisfied with having purchaſed him a lieutenancy in the Tuſcan army, ſhe anticipated his every wiſh, more than ſupported his profuſion, and on being obliged to viſit her relations in a diſtant part of Italy, entruſted him in her abſence with her jewels, her money, and in ſhort every thing ſhe owned.

"Can you ſuppoſe that a man ſo cheriſhed and ſo relied on, could betray a confidence of this nature? Should you wonder at it, how much greater will be your ſurprize when I tell you, that he not only robbed her of her property, but of her life.

"She returned to Leghorn ſooner than ſhe had intended, being pregnant by this monſter, who received her with every mark of unaltered affection; but the ſame night murdered her in the very bed-chamber, that had ſo often been the guilty ſcene of her weakneſs and affection: a place, that ſhould, of all others, have been inviolable.

"The deed was ſoon diſcovered, and Roſiter apprehended, judged, and condemned to the gallies for life.

"Previouſly to the execution of this ſentence, he was led out before the troops of the garriſon, when his ſword was broken over his head, his uniform ſtripped from him for the courſe habit of a galley ſlave; and thus, with a halter about his neck, was he delivered over to his puniſhment, under every mark of degradation and infamy.

"Yet even this wretch, thus ſtigmatized, could create affection in the female ſex, who took every opportunity of ſupplying him with food; and one, a woman of condition, exerted all her intereſt to obtain his releaſe, for the purpoſe (as it is ſaid) of marrying him; but the good Leopold rejected the petition with horror, declaring he ſhould look upon that man as a diſgrace to his court who could intercede on ſo wicked an occaſion. How more than brutal was the affection that could attach itſelf to ſuch a monſter as Roſiter."—*(O'Donnel's travels through Tuſcany.)*

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

GENERAL O——— a Britiſh officer, led ſo diſſipated a life, that he often drank Tokey of a guinea a bottle, even when alone: upon which his lady would often ſay, "My dear general, whatever you do for the honor of the crown, and in compliment of ſtate days, do not drink ſuch expenſive wine when by yourſelf: for what muſt your poor children do?" "Oh!" ſays the general "I am eaſy as to that, let them ſmell at the corks."

It being neceſſary, ſome time after, to tap him for the dropſy, he went through the operation like a ſoldier; but, aſking what the ſurgeons had found, and they replying *water*; he ſaid, "how can that be? I never drank a drop of water in all my life. But how long will it before I muſt be tapped again?" on being anſwered ſix months, he replied, "It is impoſſible; no veſſel in my houſe ever held above ſix weeks."

In ſhort, his life was ſo profligate, that his lady, at laſt, ſaying, "why, general, you will not have a ſhilling to bury you;" he anſwered, "Oh I will ſink them into good manners."

MONS. D'ESTACHE, formerly a cornet in Aſfeld's dragoons, being fifty-two years old, ſeduced a young lady of ſeventeen years of age, whoſe name was St. Cheron, and then refuſed to marry her, under the pretence of having been too familiar with her mother in his younger days. The abuſed lady had two brothers, officers in the regiment of Briſac, who would have fought D'Eſtache, but he wounded the eldeſt in the face, and ſhot the other brother from a window. This injured family had a ſiſter, who for ſome time abandoned herſelf to grief and rage; but the laſt of theſe paſſions prevailing, prompted her to a revenge above the daring of her ſex; for, being informed that her ſiſter's ſeducer and brother's murderer was at Montpellier, ſhe went thither from Gighac, where ſhe lived, and found means, the very evening of her arrival, to be introduced to the guilty author of her family's diſgrace, whom ſhe inſtantly ſhot dead with a piſtol. She then wrote to Monſ. Le Blanc, Secretary at War, owning the deed, but denying its being an offence to which mercy was not due. The ladies of Montpellier, one and all, approved of her conduct; they made themſelves priſoners, to accompany her to the throne, and ſhe ſoon obtained a full pardon.

ANECDOTE of Dr. FRANKLIN.

IN the year 1776, when Dr. Franklin, with others, appointed a Committee by Congreſs, to meet the Britiſh Commiſſioners, concerning an accommodation with the colonies, Lord Howe, finding no diſpoſition in the Americans to give up their liberties, by agreeing to diſhonerable terms, ended the conference on his part, by "expreſſing his regard for America, and the extreme pain he would ſuffer in being obliged to diſtreſs thoſe, whom he ſo much regarded." Dr. Franklin thanked him for his regard, and aſſured him the Americans would ſhew their gratitude, by endeavouring to leſſen as much as poſſible, all pain he might feel on their account, by exerting their utmoſt abilities in taking care of themſelves.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

THE anticipation of an immenſe fortune is a predominant principle in the mind of man—a principle which is pregnant with deluſion to thoſe who have not fortitude to reſiſt its infatuation. This foible in human nature is the baſis upon which ſpeculation is founded, and the inſtitution of Lotteries is ſupported not by the dictates of reaſon, but by the impulſe of infanity. It is not a little curious that the Legiſlature of our country, while they punctiliouſly interdict the various practices of gambling, ſhould ſanction the very ſame vices upon a more extenſive ſcale; though perhaps many public exigences may be of ſuch obvious utility as to authorize this procedure, which is rather more ſatisfactory than the aſſeſſment of a public tax; yet it may perhaps be a nice point among caſuiſts, whether public good ſhould reſult from individual depravity.

The Federal City Lottery, No. II. appears to be as compleat a ſyſtem of impoſition as can be well imagined. This lottery was inſtituted by commiſſioners appointed by Congreſs pending their laſt ſeſſion at New-York, for the purpoſe of erecting buildings in the city of Waſhington for their accommodation after the year 1800. After an extraordinary lapſe of two years, ſuppoſed to be appropriated for the ſale of tickets, this lottery ſeems to be ſtill ſtationary, and indeed from recent appearances there is the moſt ſatisfactory reaſon for concluding that it will never be drawn. This will be a very unwelcome ſuggeſtion to the holders of tickets in that lottery; but however unſavoury this piece of information may be, yet when they appear obviouſly to be the dupes of a complete *take-in*, they ought to receive the moſt explicit information of their ſituation. The moſt criminal ſilence is obſerved with regard to this lottery, and this is perhaps in conſequence of the ſuppoſed reſponſibility of its manager, Mr. B——t, or his ſureties. Till the public receives an official and authentic elucidation of this buſineſs, they will reaſonably conclude that ſiniſter practices prevail ſomewhere. It is not poſſible that matters could be procraſtinated to ſo unreaſonable a length of time for the purpoſe of diſpoſing of the tickets, and there are indubitably other reaſons why the drawing of this lottery has not commenced. All is in a ſtate of dormancy, while Mr. B——t is growing fat upon the ſpoils of credulity.

It is credibly aſſerted that he ſold 40,000 tickets more than a year ago, amounting (at eight dollars a ticket) to 320,000 dollars; a very *comfortable* ſum, of which he has perhaps lent *a little* to the Pennſylvania Inſurance Company, at a *moderate* uſance; and therefore the longer this lottery is protracted, the more beneficial for himſelf. If the above ſuggeſtion be true, (and I believe there is no doubt of its authenticity) he has had the uſe of 320,000 dollars for a year and better, and the intereſt accruing upon that money, will amount to the *pretty little* ſum of 19,200 dollars per annum—a mere triſle for a gentleman of his high ſenſibility.

The Federal City will no doubt go on moſt *aſtoniſhingly*, and the holders of tickets will have moſt *charming* luck if they ever ſee their money again. Such a profuſion of ready caſh will inhance Mr. B——t's reſpectability, and the longer he can keep ſilence the better. I muſt confeſs I have had the inſuperable weakneſs to become an adventurer, but ſo little is my faith in this lottery ſince, that I would willingly diſpoſe of my tickets at one half their original coſt. So much for lotteries, and God ſend ſuch impoſitions a ſpeedy termination.

PECCAVI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1795.

Philadelphia, *Nov.* 28.

MODE OF PRESERVING BUTTER.

[*From the Gentleman's Magazine, of Aug.* 1795.]

Take two parts of the beſt common ſalt, one part ſugar and one part ſalt petre, beat them up together and blend them completely. Take one ounce of this compoſition for every ſixteen ounces of butter, work it well into the maſs and cloſe it for uſe.

I know no ſimple improvement in economicks greater than this is when compared with the uſual mode of curing butter by means of common ſalt alone. I have ſeen the experiment fairly made of one part of the butter made at one time thus cured, and the other with ſalt alone. The difference was inconceivable. I ſhould ſuppoſe that in any open market the one would ſell for ten per cent. more than the other. The butter cured with the mixture appeared of a rich marrowy conſiſtence and fine colour and never acquires a brittle hardneſs nor taſtes of ſalt; the other is comparatively hard and brittle approaching more nearly the appearance of tallow and is much ſalter to the taſte. I have eaten of butter cured with the compoſition that had been kept three years and was as ſweet as at firſt. But it deſerves to be noted that butter thus cured requires to ſtand from three weeks to a month before it be begun to be uſed.

If it be ſooner opened the ſalts are not ſufficiently blended with it; and ſometimes the coolneſs of the mixt will then be perceived which totally diſappears afterwards.

Extract of a letter from Charleſton, dated November 2.

Yeſterday about 3 o'clock an attempt was made by negroes to burn the city; they had three bodies on fire at different corners of the town—but they were perceived and extinguiſhed before any great damage was done. This morning they again renewed the attempt and were diſcovered—but they all made their eſcape. A proclamation is iſſued offering one thouſand dollars reward for the diſcovery of the offenders.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 3.

About nine o'clock, on Sunday night laſt, the houſe of Mr. Benjamin Gray, in Trott-ſtreet, was ſet on fire by a man who got inſide the fence, although Mr. Gray was in the piazza. On ſeeing the fire, Mr. Gray fired a piſtol at him with eleven buck ſhot; the man fell, but while Mr. Gray was extinguiſhing the fire, the villain eſcaped—It is ſuppoſed he muſt have received four ſhot, as there appeared but ſeven in the fence. It is very probable he may apply to a ſurgeon, who, if a friend to the community, will have him apprehended.

We learn from Savannah, that General Jackſon has reſigned his ſeat, as Senator in the Senate of the United States and is put up for the legiſlature of the ſtate of Georgia.

The reaſon of Gen. Jackſon's reſignation, is ſuppoſed to be from a conviction, that he can be of no ſervice to his country in the ſenate of the United States, as there is ſo decided a majority in that body oppoſed to the will of his conſtituents.

The following was found encloſed in a bottle at ſea and handed us by captain Lewis, of the ſchooner John.

"*Hog-Sty Key*, Aug. 15, 1795."

This is to inform any poor unfortunate ſhip's crew that may be caſt away on this unfortunate iſland, That on the eleventh of this month we ſailed from Lancevaux in the ſchooner Flying Fiſh, bound to Charleſton. The 13th at 12 o'clock we ran aſhore, and in one hour the veſſel bilged. We got in our boat the next morning, and got ſafe on ſhore. We made different trials to get water, but found it in vain. We tried to get to the wreck, but could not for want of oars; and being ſo weak, one of our people by the name of James Trayſey, departed this life. Here we held a council, what was beſt to be done—we concluded to proceed to Acklin's Keys, in our boat, with a ſmall ſail, and two paddles. The names of the people we leave behind to be put in the papers by whoever reads this letter, and gets ſafe into any port.

Thomas Baily, *maſter.*
John Dunſcombe, *mate.*
Benjamin Parker, *merchant.*
Stephen Levy, *ſailor.*
Samuel Mexa, *ſailor.*

N. B. We left two hogs and two goats.

WHITESTOWN, Nov. 8.

Several boats from the Little Falls give us the pleaſing intelligence that the canal and locks by that place are actually compleated.—The director of the works, however, would not permit the boats to enter the canal; it being determined that the *Preſident* of the Weſtern Lock Navigation Company ſhould be the firſt to paſs the canal.—He was ſent for and hourly expected.

We congratulate the inhabitants of the Weſtern World upon the above agreeable intelligence.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 21.

The emigration to this country this fall ſurpaſſes that of any other ſeaſon—and we are informed, that the banks of the Monongahela, from *M'Kee's* Port to Redſtone, are lined with people intending for the ſettlements on the Ohio, and Kentucky.

As an inſtance of the increaſing proſperity of this part of the ſtate, land that two or three years ſince was ſold for ten ſhillings per acre, will now bring upwards of three pounds.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 26.

Yeſterday the 12th *anniverſary of the evacuation* of this city by the Britiſh, and the *triumphant entry* of our citizens and citizen ſoldiers, was celebrated by a military parade of the dreſs troops, and citizen proceſſions.

The troops on this auſpicious occaſion, aſſembled at their reſpective parades, from whence—*perſonating the retreating Britiſh*—they moved in a dog trot retreat beating in apparent diſmay, interſecting each other in *regular confuſion*, and then proceeded through Pearl-ſtreet, up Wall-ſtreet, down Broadway, to the battery, in that martial grandeur and ſullen intrepidity which characteriſed the *conquering troops of America* when they took poſſeſſion of the city on the ever memorable 25th of November, 1783. On the battery they fired a *feu de joy*, then re-marched to their reſpective parades, and were diſmiſſed.

Several ſelect companies held feſtivals on this day, and in the evening the Democratic and Tammany Societies aſſembled, and mutual congratulations took place.

CARLISLE, Nov. 7.

We have it from good authority, that a printed petition, intended to be preſented to Congreſs, againſt the late treaty with Britain, is actually handed about among the citizens of this county for ſignature. We underſtand that a great number of copies of the ſaid petition are forwarded to the weſtern counties of this ſtate, and there intended to be circulated.

Hymeneal Court.

MARRIED,

—On Tueſday evening laſt, Mr. CASPAR W. MORRIS, to Miſs ELIZA GILES, both of this city.

—On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Biſhop White, Mr. CALEB FOULKE, jun. to Miſs MARGARET CULLEN, both of this city.

THE Members of *Saint Andrew's Society* are requeſted to attend their anniverſary meeting, on Monday the 30th inſt. at Oellers's Hotel, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The Officers of the Society will pleaſe give their attendance at One.

☞ DINNER to be on the table exactly at three o'clock.

It is particularly requeſted, that ſuch gentlemen as intend to celebrate the Anniverſary, will ſend for Tickets of Admiſſion to either of the following Members:

James Craig, Eſq. N. Front-ſtreet,	No.	161.
Richard Lake, Eſq. Vine-ſtreet,	No.	88.
Mr. *James Henderſon*, N. Front-ſtreet,	No.	46.
Mr. *Thomas Leiper*, N. Water-ſtreet,	No.	9.
Mr. *Gavin Hamilton*, jun. S. Second-ſtreet,	No.	13.
Mr. *Robert Henderſon*, Cheſnut-ſtreet,	No.	9.
Mr. *John Shields*, do.	No.	22.
Wm. H. Tod, Eſq. Walnut-ſtreet,	No.	16.
Dr. *Andrew Spence*, South Second-ſtreet,	No.	120.

By order of the Society,
RICHARD LAKE, Secretary.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1795.

French Language.

MR. BARTHELEMY, in addition to his Private Tuition, has opened a SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, where French is taught in its juſt pronunciation, and grammatical conſtruction as uſual. The hours of attendance are from 11 to 1 o'clock P. M. on every Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday. For further particulars, applicants of a good education, only, may call at No. 66, Dock-ſtreet.

The New Line of Stages.

FEDERAL PILOT,

LEAVES William Cooper's Ferry, oppoſite Philadelphia, every Sunday and Wedneſday, at 12 o'clock, during the Winter ſeaſon, and proceeds to Burlington or Croſſwicks to lodge, as occaſion may require; and ſtarts from thence the mornings following for Amboy, where convenient Boats convey the paſſengers to New-York the ſame evening, generally in good ſeaſon. The carriage leaves Amboy on Tueſdays and Fridays for Cooper's, and arrives there the ſame evening.——FARE for each paſſenger from Cooper's to Amboy, 21s. 7d.—water ditto to New-York, 3s. 5d.—baggage, 15s. per. cwt.—14lb. gratis.

The certainty of this conveyance, and ſufficiency of time for reſt and refreſhment, muſt give it the preference to thoſe who depend on the winds and tides of the Delaware.

For SEATS apply to Mr. HOWELL, at the Sorrel Horſe in Second-ſtreet, or Meſſrs. THORN, WEST, and WILEY, at the different Ferries, at which places the drivers will attend.

RICHARD HANDLEY.
EZEKIEL PRICE.
TIMOTHY HORNER.

Philadelphia, November 28.

EPIGRAM.—*From the French.*

Says a huſband, when taking his leave of this life,
Why weep you ſuch torrents of tears, my dear wife?
Alas! cried the lady, and fetch'd a deep ſigh,
I am weeping becauſe I'm afraid you won't die.

Court of Apollo.

THE BACHELOR.

THE dry, dull drowsy Bachelor surveys
Alternate joyless nights and lonesome days;
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest;
Stupidly free from Nature's tenderest ties,
Lost on his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man to whom indulgent Heaven,
That tender bosom friend, a Wife, has given;
Him blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his joys allay.
No husband wrong'd, no virgin's honor spoil'd,
No tender parent weeps his ruin'd child.
No bad disease, nor false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere;
Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love,
Or doth it frown, with one whose soft'ning art,
Will ease your woe, and bear a willing part.

THE DECLINE OF AUTUMN.

THE bosom of earth is all matted with leaves,
The honors of Autumn decay;
Brown Ceres no longer exhibits her sheaves
To the golden-ey'd monarch of day.
With dissonant guns, hills and vallies resound,
The swains thro' the coppices rove;
The partridges bleed on the arable ground,
The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

The coats of the hedges look languidly green,
The swallows relinquish the meads;
Rude Winter approaches with horrible mein,
The flowers give place to the weeds.
The sun too is lazy, and slumbers a bed,
As loathing so early to rise:
When risen, how dim looks his vapoury head!
How faint he illumines the skies!

No more on the poles hang the clustering hops,
Or form a magnificent shade;
No more on the skirts shine the showery drops,
For Autumn, their nurse, is decay'd.
The gale that was wont to approach me so kind,
Grows sharp and flies hastily by,
To give me sweet kisses no longer inclin'd,
It bids the tear start from my eye.

O see, while I speak, from the gun's levelled aim
Death pierces the birds of the air!
Ye rovers! will nothing your conduct reclaim,
And move your hard bosoms to spare?
No nothing, ye cry with unanimous voice,
While ridicule falls from their tongue:
Ye think not, ye cruel ones, as ye rejoice,
How once the poor innocents sung?

To others such barbarous sports I resign,
And fly to my Florimel's arms;
Her sanctified love shall be totally mine;
For virtue adds force to her charms.
On the base of religion, my fair, may it rise!
To crown us with blessing 'twas given,
To bid our souls mount from the earth to the skies,
And give us a foretaste of heaven.

MAXIM.

THE sight of an enemy in distress, should operate on the mind like the waters of Lethe, and obliviate the injuries received.

RUST CONSUMES MORE THAN LABOUR.

Mr. DONOTHING set out to cut a dash in the world. He laid great plans, as is frequently the case with those who execute but small ones. He was determined to get rich without labour; run in debt for a large quantity of goods; opened a store in the country; hired two hands to tend: trusted largely; kept fine horses; rode about, like a man of consequence, strutted about the streets with his umbrella; dressed gay and lived high. Why not? Fine clothes, good liquors, loaf sugar and lemons were very handy; only behind the counter; and credit was good yet. But the tables were soon turned. Mr. Donothing's *creditors found out that his expences were greater than his income. He is called upon to settle accounts and is found five hundred pounds in the rear. Nobody will trust him: Nobody will help him; Nobody pities him. He is cast into prison, there to remain, until he has paid the utmost farthing.*—Donothing *rusts in jail.*

There are other rusts besides the jail rust. *The* pillow rust *consumes many.*

Peter Paleface *has a tender mother, is heir to a large fortune, and a great share of vanity. Necessity does not call him to labour in the morning, and he has heard that Boston folks lie a bed late. This must make a gentleman. Mrs.* Paleface *humours his foible. Her son is already very weakly and troubled with frequent colds; were he exposed to the morning chill she fears it would bring on a consumption.*

Peter *consumes with the* pillow rust.—*Poor boy! I wish him better health, and his indulgent mama more sense.*

Did you ever hear of any body's dying of a consumption, who made a constant practice of rising early? Hot tea, and violent dancing in a warm room, have been the cause of more consumptions than cold water or cold air. If you scald yourself with one, or melt yourself with the other, and take a violent cold the fault is your own. Never let indolence detain you on bed, and sickness will seldom confine you there. Use yourself to the morning air, and you will receive no injury from that of the evening or midnight. I am talking to those, who are consuming with the pillow rust, *not to the hardy sons of labour and health.*

There is another very pernicious kind of rust; I mean the pulpit rust, *frequently found under a large white wig. It is carried through the week, from Sabbath to Sabbath. It gathers on the pen while writing new sermons! No wonder it infects those seven years old. It is carried into the pulpit; its effects are soon on the tongue, countenance and whole frame of the soporifick orator; the words leave his mouth like a lazy fellow rising from his bed; his eyes, his gestures correspond with them; even the ideas are infected with this rust.—The speaker lolls, the hearers sleep. Spare men of sacred order, you say. Negligence needs a spur, wherever it is found. If I see an auditor sleeping, I conclude the speaker is not more than half awake.*

THE MORALIST.

A PRAYER

Of an Eastern Philosopher.

LORD, I understand none of those disputes which are continually made concerning thee: I would serve thee according to thy will, but every person I consult, would have me do according to his will. When I would pray to thee, I know not what language I should use; nor do I know in what posture I ought to put myself: One says I ought to pray standing; another, that I should sit; and a third requires me to kneel.—This is not all; there are those who pretend that I ought to wash myself every morning with cold water; others maintain that thou wilt regard me with abhorrence, if I do not cut off a piece of my flesh. The other day I happened to eat, at a caravansary, a rabit. Three men who were present, made me tremble; they all three maintained that I had grievously offended thee; one, because this was an unclean animal; another, because it was strangled; and a third, because it was not a fish. A brachman, who was passing by, whom I desired to judge between us, says to one, they are all wrong, for certainly you yourself did not kill the creature. But I did, said I: Ah! then you have committed an abominable action, and God certainly will never forgive you, said he, in a severe tone; How do you know that the soul of your father had not passed into that animal.

All these things, Lord, greatly embarrass me; I cannot move my head, that I am not threatened with having offended thee; though I desire all the while to please thee, and to that end employ the life I hold from thee. I know not whether I deceive myself, but I believe the best way to please thee, is, to be a good citizen in the community thou hast made me to live, and a good father to the family which thou hast given me to protect.

PROPOSALS,

By WOODRUFF & PECHIN,

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